

# NATURE STUDIES.

## My Razor.

AMONGST the dear dead days of my long ago no day stands out in my mind with a greater distinctness than that of my first shave. It was a dark and dismal day of November rain, and as I walked along Piccadilly my eyes were irresistibly attracted by the brilliant lights of a shop-front in which "Gents' Complete Shaving Outfits" were advertised in bold letters. I paused, my hand strayed to my chin and cheeks, and I was once again aware of the down that decorated them. It had been a subject of considerable controversy. My father had been contemptuous, and my brother had been abusive with a frankness for which the race of brothers has been distinguished from time immemorial. But my mother had spoken encouraging words:—

"Of course," she had said, "it isn't at its best now, but whatever you do, don't shave it. Let it grow in a natural way, and in a year or two you'll have a beautiful silky beard that everybody will envy. If you shave it, it will turn into hard stubble, and then when you want to grow a beard some day, where will you be?"

DIXON, however, decided me. He was older than I by two years, and was now in the army. "Good heavens," he had said on that very morning, "what's that stuff you've got on your chin? What on earth do you want to go about like a moulting bird for? You run along and get shaved."

I could not face the idea of getting shaved. The hairdressers whom I knew were cynical men, and I feared their ridicule. I therefore stepped into the shop, and in a few minutes became the possessor of a complete shaving outfit. I hurried home, the lather was applied, the family butler told me how the razor should be held, I gashed myself twice, and then, proceeding with a swift and incredible resolution, made my face hairless. Since then I have been a slave to the

shaving habit, and, seeing that the years of my slavery have been many, I may lay claim to a certain knowledge of the whims and oddities that diversify the characters of razors.

The life-destiny of a razor is to begin by being sharp, to continue by being stropped, and to perform with silent celerity the duty of removing hair. It is a simple life and should require no great expenditure of energy. Yet the chief point about any known razor is its unconquerable perversity. There are mornings when my razor defies the strop

and the soap. It passes harshly over my tender cheek, and, though it removes the lather, no hair comes with it. In vain I coax it to the performance of its task. After a minute or two of steady urging it goes off into a fit of the sulks and bites me to the bone. There is nothing for it but to wipe it, lay it aside in its receptacle, and give its brother a trial. The brother, having made a miserable failure yesterday, has come to a better mind and now goes on its way over the tracts of skin with rejoicing. In the end I get shaved somehow, but the toil from first to last has been hard, and my outlook on the world has been ruined for the day.

It is strange, too, to reflect how unreasoning is the animosity that a razor often shows to his friend, the strop. Nothing ought, to be easier than to flit to and fro over the smooth leathery surface. Yet there are moments when the ill-tempered razor deliberately stops in its swift course in order to

ruin its own edge by slicing away a fragment of the uncomplaining strop. MACAULAY's strops, I have heard, were great sufferers. His razors, no doubt, resented his omniscience, and were compelled to take it out of something.

There is, in fact, no more perverse and ill-conditioned animal in the world than a razor. To eat mutton cold and cut blocks with a razor has become a proverbial expression for disappointment and futility; but on the whole it is just as sensible to use your razor on a block as to expect it to perform its primary duties.



## FORGETTING HIS PART.

"SPARE A PORE BOT A COPPER, KIND LADY. AIN'T HAD A BIT TER EAT TER-DYE, LIDY!"

## THE SOAP KING'S DAUGHTER.

(A Scenario.)

TIME: Some sixty years hence. SCENE: the Park Lane drawing-room of the Earl of SUNLIGHT, grandson of our own Mr. W. H. LEVER. The old Earl is in earnest conversation with his charming daughter, Lady LUX LEVER. It seems that since the first Earl cornered soap in 1906 the price has been rising so rapidly that now almost the entire wealth of the British Empire flows automatically into the family's coffers. People, to preserve their self-respect, must be clean, at whatever cost. The consequence is that every penny that can be spared from the other necessities of life is spent on soap, at incredible prices. Lady LUX, the richest heiress (in fact, the only heiress) in the kingdom, is eagerly sought after by the impecunious noblemen, notably Lord JASPER SCRUBBS, the brother and heir of the old and decrepit Duke of BATH. So much being made clear by dialogue, the Earl of SUNLIGHT has a song:—

When I was young I used to think,  
Perhaps a little oddly,  
That men might be as black as ink  
So long as they were godly.  
But wisdom comes, as years progress,  
And Youth's ideals shatters:  
And now I see that cleanliness  
Is the only thing that matters.

The youth who would succeed in life,  
All opposition squashing,  
Who'd make a name, and win a wife,  
Must never scamp his washing.  
A girl who's sensible will feel  
No diffidence in snubbing  
A suitor who cannot conceal  
His urgent need of tubbing.

Having touched thus on the brighter side of his position, Lord SUNLIGHT comes to the single fly in his ointment. There is one man in London, AUBREY JELICOE, who has the spirit to defy convention, to abstain wholly from soap, and to remain rich and frankly grubby. Nothing can move him, not even the glowing advertisements written for the Earl's soap by Mr. HOOVER, the descendant of the great *Times* litterateur. What is Lord SUNLIGHT to do?

LUX goes out, and enter Lord JASPER, who propounds a devilish scheme. It should be mentioned that he loves Lady LUX (in his own vile way). He proposes that LUX shall lead AUBREY to fall in love with her, tell him that she cannot marry anyone who does not use soap regularly and in large quantities, and so induce AUBREY to spend his money. As a reward, he, JASPER, is to marry her. Lord SUNLIGHT consents. None of LUX's suitors have any money, and JASPER is as eligible as any in point of rank. The scheme is mentioned to LUX. The dutiful daughter reluctantly agrees to play the part.

Act II. TIME: three months later. SCENE: the terrace in front of Loofah Castle, the Earl of SUNLIGHT's place on the Wash. Enter AUBREY. He is wonderfully changed. Before, he suggested Mr. TREE as *Caliban*, or Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as *The Pertick'ler Pet*. Now his face shines with repeated scrubbings. His linen is spotless. Music cue: "*I'm so happy I don't know what to do.*" Song: AUBREY (Air, "*Mr. Chamberlain*," appropriately from *The Beauty of Bath*).

Now who was the man whose face to scan would have taken you all your time,  
Because it was so concealed, you know, behind a mask of grime?

Who was the chap who cared not a scrap for what the people said?

Who is the man who, if he can, should hide his shamefaced head?

It's AUBREY JELICOE, it's AUBREY JELICOE!

I said, "to wash is simply bosh!"

But now I know

That my views were most unsound;

So now I've changed my ground,

And I'm your clean, keen AUBREY JELICOE.

I said that I hoped that, if ever I soaped, you'd write me down an ass:

I felt no shame when the moment came to see myself in the glass.

I never cared when people stared. It didn't "amount to shucks,"

(As Americans say) until one day I fell in love with LUX;

And I'm AUBREY JELICOE, the speckless JELICOE!

No spot or stain can now remain

On me. Oh, no!

Though all my money's spent,

Yet I am quite content

To be your clean, keen AUBREY JELICOE.

Exit. Enter LUX. It appears that a hitch has occurred in the scheme. She has made AUBREY love her, and spend all his fortune on soap; but now she, in turn, loves him. Will her father give his consent? Never. She asks him.

Lord Sunlight. My child would wed a commoner without a penny!

Can I believe you?

Lady Lux. Is there no hope, then?

Lord Sunlight. Child, I won't deceive you.

Not any!

Big scene now. Enter JASPER. JASPER (sings):—

Jasper. With the guile of a snake I have sought her,

And now may I claim my reward?

I worship your beautiful daughter:

Consent to our union, my Lord.

Lord Sunlight. Yes, I think you may fittingly clasp her.

My boy, here's my blessing. She's yours.

And, 'pon honour, you're lucky, young JASPER!

She's jilted her suitors in scores.

But since such a thorough success is

The neat little scheme that you planned,

I hereby approve your addresses,

And formally give you her hand.

Enter AUBREY. He sees JASPER about to embrace Lady LUX, and, overhearing Lord SUNLIGHT's last words, breaks in:—

Aubrey. Hullo, what's this little drama?

Hullo, what is this that I see?

You blot on this sweet panorama,

This lady's engaged, Sir, to me.

The Earl explains. Dramatic pause. Then LUX plays the trump card which she has been holding back, which is that many years ago, quite by accident, she discovered an excellent substitute for soap. It is efficient and can be manufactured at an infinitesimal cost. Will her father give his consent to her marriage with AUBREY, or must she resort to the last, dread expedient of giving her secret to the world? JASPER slinks off R., Lord SUNLIGHT takes the centre of the stage, and with a hand on each of their heads, says in a low voice, as they kneel before him, "My children, bless you!" (*Curtain.*)



## GOGGLES AND MAGOGGLES.

(A chance that Sir William Treloar may miss.)

LORD MAYOR'S CHAUFFEUR (*feelingly*). "DOMINE DIRIGE NOS!"





### PROVERBS REVERSED.

"One man's poison is another man's meat."

Voice from the other side. "THANK GOODNESS! I WAS AFRAID HE'D JUMP IT WITHOUT BREAKING THE TOP BAR!"

### CHARIVARIA.

THERE is, we fear, no such thing as gratitude. The offer of the Bishops to improve the Education Bill has only called forth abuse from the supporters of that measure.

Mr. BIRRELL has explained that the permission which was given to certain schools to accustom children to the idea of defending their country was due to a misunderstanding.

The Book War, it is true, may not yet be at an end, but the superstitious draw attention to the fact that "To-day's Suggestions for members of *The Times Book Club*" appears within a slight mourning band.

We thought it was bound to happen. Miss CORELLI, like Mr. CAINE, is about to issue a pronouncement on the Book Club dispute. She will take up the cudgels on behalf of the public in the forthcoming number of *The Rapid Review*. Miss CORELLI, like Mr. CAINE, is, of course, one of the public.

There is, we are afraid, no doubt that

people do not read literature as much as they used to. Anything, therefore, that is likely to bring about an improvement in this respect is to be welcomed, and we were pleased—while regretting the necessity—to see the following notice at the end of an instalment of a tale by Mr. CROCKETT in *The Daily Mirror*:—"A £500 house or £500 in cash given away for reading this story."

Yet another communication from the dead! A letter was published last week in *The Express* pointing out the dangers of the proposal that coroners' juries shall dispense with a view of the body. The letter was signed, "A Victim."

By a new regulation on and after January 1st next dogs throughout the country will have to wear collars. A correspondent, who hopes we will not think him a prude, suggests that in the summer months, at any rate, there should be added to this scanty minimum of costume a muzzlin' head-dress.

In an account of the National Anti-Sweating League's Conference, we came across the following interesting statement: "The National Anti-Sweating

League's Conference for the discussion of a legal minimum closed yesterday."

WILL THE SOUTH AFRICANS BE BEATEN  
BY

E. H. D. SEWELL

asked a *Daily Graphic* poster one day last week. It certainly seems a big job to tackle single-handed.

"In my experience," says Judge LUMLEY SMITH, "nautical witnesses always stick to the story they tell, but it is generally very difficult to tell on which side the truth lies." This raises the interesting question: Can truth lie?

One day last week the prison at Guernsey contained not a single convicted prisoner, so the gaol was thrown open to the general public for inspection. We trust that this enterprising move on the part of the authorities succeeded in attracting custom.

The ill-fated *Montagu*, it is stated, is to be used for some important gunnery experiments. We would respectfully suggest that, contrary to usual custom, foreign spies might be invited to view the bombardment—from the *Montagu*.

**A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.**

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

**CHAPTER V. (Continued).****London's Free Spectacles.**

To the free picture-galleries, museums, churches, &c., we shall come later; just now we are concerned with the free spectacles offered by the streets and open spaces of our giddy metropolis. What for example could be more interesting than a gentle stroll among the statuary emporia of the Euston Road? Whether your taste be classical or sentimental, whether you like stone dogs or weeping angels, this is the place. All are here and all are free.

The Zoo, not far off in Regent's Park, it is true costs a shilling or sixpence, but by loitering in the neighbourhood of its boundaries you may hear the lions roar or the elephants trumpet, and if you have luck an animal may escape while you are there and you may see the hunt; or if it is one of the larger carnivora you may even take part in the hunt yourself—in front. This would be very interesting to the provincial in London.

The methods of escaping from various kinds of wild beasts having never been clearly set forth, it may be well to detail them here.

(1) From an elephant. Climb a tree.

(2) From a lion. The old way is best—thrust your umbrella down his throat, and open it.

(3) From a boa-constrictor. Wear a steel vest.

(4) From a gnu. Stand under a chestnut tree.

(5) From a bear. Run as fast as you can to Chalk Farm station, throwing out a bun at intervals.

To resume our more general instructions. No one ever need be bored in London. If it comes to the worst you may spend a happy hour in counting the windows of Queen Anne's Mansions, or you may go to Scotland Yard and watch London's leading Scotchmen, all of whom are disguised as policemen. But enough of this.

**CHAPTER VI.****London Noises.**

The following table of London noises was recently drawn up by one of the more intelligent and leisurely officials

of the Board of Trade or the Local Government Board, we forget which. It is, however, absolutely accurate.

**Table of London Noises.**

10 hansoms	equal 1 growler.
6 growlers	= 1 motor car.
2 motor cars	= 1 traction engine.
8 traction engines	= 1 motor bus.
4 motor buses	= deafness.
8 " "	= nerve collapse.

**CHAPTER VII.****Adventure and Sport in London.**

London's adventurous side is too little known. The midnight flat racing in

of which it is not expedient to say too much.

Let us rather turn to that interesting and daring assault on Cleopatra's Needle which is made every first of November by those members of the Alpine Club who happen to be in town. London has few ceremonies more heart-stirring than this. Picture to yourself what it must mean—the lofty and, one would say, impregnable column from ancient Egypt, wrested from the very desert by the hand of ravaging man; the grey light breaking over this vast and wonderful city; the sombre rushing river, with every steamer, so crowded during the

day, now lying idle and asleep; the intrepid climbers, masters of a thousand peaks—the terrible Rigi, the blood-thirsty Gerner Grat, the frowning Pilatus—all braving the cold of the dawn to add one more to their laurels. Few scenes equal this in impressiveness. So long as Englishmen dare to attempt this appalling Needle, so long is the nation safe, and the alarmist may hold his peace. But if ever the old courage fails? Ah!

(To be continued.)

**THE LADY CABBY.**

[The Daily Mirror reports that a lady, described as a young and attractive blonde, has applied for a licence to drive a cab.]

With a tear I murmur  
"Eheu!"

For the disappearing Jehu  
And the Jarvie who will soon  
be obsolete,

For the Lady Cabby's coming,  
In the distance she is drum-

ming  
Jarvie Jehu's ignominious retreat.

What a change in Town's appearance

When she's made a final clearance  
Of our present ruby-visaged gondolier!  
Shall we miss him much, I wonder,  
When he's vanished and gone  
under?

I repeat, I murmur "Eheu!" with a tear.

For it's oh! my Lady Cabby,  
In your hands I'll be a babby  
When you softly say, "I leave it, Sir, to  
you;"

It will mean an extra tanner  
For your fascinating manner,  
And another for your pretty eyes of  
blue.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.  
THE ALPINE CLUB PAYS A VISIT TO CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Rotten Row—how few persons have seen this! The young Liberal bloods rattling on the Terrace—what ordinary man can describe that exciting scene? And then the bull-baiting that still goes on in a disused yard not a hundred yards from Lambeth Palace; the cock mains that are fought only a few yards from the Poultry; the drag hunts over Primrose Hill; the fierce runs with the Regent's Canal otter hounds; the archery meetings at Newington Butts; to say nothing of the duels at daybreak in Parliament Hill Fields. There is an idea, carefully fostered by the police, that duelling is dead in England. Well, let the great foolish public think so. We know better. But there are some things

# THE SPOILS OF ROMANCE.

THE statement of a lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* of Thursday last that the minimum which she paid to the Government in rates, taxes and duties was £50,000, has naturally excited a great deal of interest in literary circles. From an extensive budget of correspondence which has reached this office, *Mr. Punch* selects the following typical letters:—

DEAR SIR,—The remarkable figures given by the lady novelist in last Thursday's *Daily Mail* only serve as one more striking proof of the exorbitant profits made by the tribe of publishers. The minimum amount that she pays annually in rates, taxes and duties being £50,000, I think we may safely estimate her income at £1,000,000. Now, as we all know, on the best possible authority, that the publisher makes 800 per cent. profit, it follows by process of logic that the firm who issue her novels must make £8,000,000 profit from her books alone. I trust that some of the Labour Members will take note of this astounding admission, and bring the utmost pressure to bear on the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a view of imposing a special income tax on those who follow this nefarious calling.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
HARRY FREDERICSON.

KIND, GENEROUS MR. PUNCH,—The revelation of the lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* emboldens me to enlist your assistance. I have written a novel which my father, who is a very severe critic, pronounces to be little if at all inferior to the best work of Miss CORELLI. At that rate it must be worth at least, say £15,000, but I am not grasping, and would be prepared to dispose of the copyright entirely for £5000. Will you advise me what publisher I ought to apply to; or better still, purchase the MS. yourself, in which case you would be practically sure to make a huge profit on the transaction? I may add that I am only sixteen, that this is my first book, and that its title is *The Python of Pampeluna*. The name alone is worth a small fortune and quite original.

Yours gratefully,  
MADELINE OWEN.

P.S.—I feel so certain that you will say yes, that I have so far anticipated your answer as to order a lovely new winter jacket in which I intend to be photographed for the frontispiece of *The P. of P.*

P.P.S.—Pampeluna is in Italy, isn't it? Of course I have never been there, but, as my father says, local knowledge is the ruin of imaginative insight.

DEAR SIR,—I have the best reasons for



## THOROUGH BUT NOT PEDANTIC.

(Overheard at the Louvre.)

American Tourist (suspiciously). "SAY, GUIDE, HAVEN'T WE SEEN THIS ROOM BEFORE?"

Guide. "OH NO, MONSIEUR."

Tourist. "WELL, SEE HERE. WE WANT TO SEE EVERYTHING, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYTHING TWICE!"

believing that no lady novelist has ever paid more than £1,000 per annum in rates and taxes. I can only account for the extraordinary figures given in a contemporary on the assumption that the printer, who was possibly thinking of Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL at the time, added 00 to the total.

I am, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,  
MARIA SCARLATTI.

DEAR SIR,—The figures given by the lady novelist in *The Daily Mail* are somewhat difficult to reconcile with the hard facts of the greatest circulations. Estimating her income, as one is bound to do, at not less than £1,000,000 a year, I calculate that this would mean an annual sale of not fewer than 10,000,000 copies. My own experience, if I may be

allowed, without offence, to introduce a personal element into the discussion, inclines me to believe that no contemporary novelist, male or female, can point to the achievement of such an impressive total. In these matters, however, it is always preferable to apply a practical test; and I am ready and willing to back the circulation of my forthcoming romance, *The Blonde Woman*, against the next novel produced by the lady novelist in question: the loser in this competition to abstain from interviews for the space of a fortnight.

Faithfully yours, MANXMAN.

FROM an advt. in *The Law Journal*.—

"WHERE SHALL I SEND MY PATIENT  
Price 3d. post paid."

## THE HEN PARTY.

[According to *The Daily Mail*, 100 fowls have been invited to enter for an egg-laying competition at Rayne, in Essex.]

WALK up, walk up, ye barn-door hens!  
Just pay your entrance fees  
And take your places in your pens  
As quickly as you please!  
Come, black hens, white hens, fat hens,  
Slight hens,  
Hens of every hue,  
Leghorn, Minorca, buff Majorca,  
Cochin-China too!  
All hens that cluck, come, try your luck!  
Come, Orpington and game,  
Come, great and small, no breed at all—  
Come, fowls that thirst for fame.

At other shows, too well one knows,  
The snobs conspire together,  
And foolish men will judge a hen  
By pedigree and feather;  
But here none care what plumes you wear,  
Or whether you inherit  
The bluest blood since NOAH'S flood,  
For nothing counts but merit.

No idlers here will dare appear,  
No empty-headed beauties  
Who love to strut resplendent but  
Neglect a hen's first duties.  
A task is ours to test the powers  
Of any bird, and shrivel  
The self-conceit of fowls that meet  
To flaunt and flirt and frivol.

Then, earnest dames, enrol your names!  
This is no mere diversion,  
For each and all must stand or fall  
Upon her own exertion.  
No gaudy dress here wins success,  
Nor fashionable figure.  
Come! Showy stuff, and, like *Macduff*,  
Lay on with all your vigour.

## HOW TO DISCARD.

(By Mr. Punch's Bridge Expert.)

I HAVE received an interesting letter from X. Y. Z., of the Portland Club, on the subject of discarding at Bridge. He points out that, whereas it used simply to be a question of discarding from weakness or strength, there are now no fewer than nine ways of disposing of one's surplus cards when one has run out of the original suit. He asks me which I consider to be the best way.

Now it must be remembered that the sole object of the discard is to give your partner information as to your own state. It is obvious that the more times you can discard the more information you can give. One of the most effective combinations is this, which I discovered quite by accident when playing at *The Times Book Club* the other day. Spades were led, and on the second round I

played a small diamond. On the third round I discovered that the four of spades had stuck to the ace of hearts; whereupon I dislodged it and put it on the table. This manoeuvre conveyed the requisite information to my partner, for after staring at it for some time he said: "Good lord, if the silly idiot hasn't revoked again!"

That, however, was a short-sighted view to take of it, for in reality I had discovered a new and brilliant method of signalling. The small diamond made it clear that I did not wish diamonds led; while the four of spades added that if he went on with spades I should have to unguard one of my strong suits. There remained clubs and hearts, in each of which I had five to the ten.

It may often happen that you have nothing in your own hand of any value, and that you wish your partner to disregard you and play entirely for himself. In this case (supposing you have agreed to discard from weakness) the simplest way is to drop, as if by accident, one of each of the three remaining suits on the table at your first discard. In spite of your apologies for your clumsiness, your opponents will insist on two of the cards remaining exposed. Suppose that these are a spade and a club, and that you leave a diamond on; then your partner knows at once that he isn't to lead spades, diamonds, or clubs. As you are already out of hearts, the deduction is a simple one. This is known as *The Three Discard Trick*, and is very popular.

By the way, the same information may be given to your partner by "Yarborough again, confound it all!" But not so subtly.

In the course of his letter X. Y. Z. refers to the "Odd and Even Discard"—the discard of an odd-pipped card meaning "from weakness," of an even-pipped card "from strength"—and asks if it is likely to be popular. Personally I feel sure it is; and, feeling this, I have invented, on the same line, an elaborate system of "throwing"—the sole motive being to convey information to one's partner. It is known as *The Macaroni Convention*. Here it is.

I. An odd red card.—"My hand is now in Class D, and may be had for 1s. 10d. net."

II. An odd black card.—"The whisky is behind you."

III. An even red card.—"Good lord, I've revoked."

IV. An even black card.—"Don't say anything; perhaps he won't notice."

V. A multiple of three in red.—"You'll have to pay for both of us. I've only got a shilling on me."

VI. A multiple of three in black.—"He played that one before; I saw him."

So much for the simple observations of the Bridge table. But the system goes further, and includes the naming of every card. Thus the king of hearts is shown by discarding first the three of diamonds and then the seven of clubs—or, if you have not those, by any 3-7 combination. The ace of clubs by a 2-8 combination . . . and so on. If you happen not to have the right combination to indicate the particular ace or king, then you throw the card itself, and your partner at once sees that you have it.

By the way, I need hardly tell X. Y. Z. and my other readers that after a ball or dinner-party he should always discard twice in his best suit.

## LINES ON A MODERN POLYMATH.

SHOULD you thirst for information  
On spontaneous generation,  
On the form of the "Springbokken,"  
On the spectre of the Brocken,  
On the myst'ries of Eleusis,  
On alcohol and its abuses,  
On tobogganing or skating,  
Poker-work or badger-baiting,  
On the merits of Pelota,  
On the Czardas or the Jota,  
On the pterodactyl's molars,  
On the style of Surrey's bowlers,  
On the canvases of TITIAN,  
On the late Tibetan mission,  
On the climate of Manchuria,  
On the recent Papal curia,  
On the way to make a silo,  
On the filling of a stylo,  
On DEBUSSY, STRAUSS, or REGER,  
On the underwear of JAEGER—  
If on these or other topics—  
Such as earthquakes in the tropics—  
Your instruction is deficient,  
There's a journalist omniscient  
Who will brilliantly and brightly  
Play the intellectual WHITELEY.  
In at least a dozen papers  
Simultaneously he capers,  
Lavishing his erudition  
Sans the slightest intermission.  
But I hear you put the query,  
Of this catalogue grown weary,  
Who is this scholastic Titan  
This thrice admirable CRICHTON,  
Blend of ROSEBERY and C.-B.  
Tell me Who on earth may he be?  
Answer: 'Tis the great SALEEBY.

Up till now the record for plurality of authorship has been held by the eight creators of *The New Aladdin*. This record has now been lowered at Wyndham's Theatre, where there is a curtain-raiser written by TWELVE.



Bertie (to Caddie, searching for lost ball). "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING THERE FOR? WHY, I MUST HAVE DRIVEN IT FIFTY YARDS FURTHER!"  
 Diplomatic Caddie. "BUT SOMETIMES THEY HIT A STONE, SIR, AND BOUNCE BACK A TERRIBLE DISTANCE!"

### FANCIES FOR FREAKS.

[We hear nothing at present of any repayment of hospitality on the part of the apes and ponies that have been entertained at American Freak Dinners.]

WHEN Emperors' shifts were gay but brief,  
 And Rome's *élite* (*conscripti patres*)  
 Affected laurels in the leaf,  
 And not the lotion culled from bay trees,  
 CALIGULA, whose moulting locks  
 And mind beneath 'em wanted something,  
 Built for his horse a marble box  
 And made a consul of the dumb thing.

Then, though, no doubt, patrician sparks,  
 Who gave their appetites a free swing,  
 Indulging in *alaudæ* (larks)  
 And wine that showed the Hybla beeswing,  
 Observed with what Imperial tact  
 He made preferments—sense would tell 'em  
 That CAIUS the divine had cracked  
 [Some rivet in his cerebellum.

So with our CÆSARS not of blood  
 But beef (to take a case) or blacking—  
 They own, perhaps, a priceless stud,  
 Yet mental links are often lacking;  
 Their polo-strings come round to dine,  
 And invitations to their villas  
 Conclude with this alluring line,  
 "The guests must bring their own gorillas."

Not that we deprecate all modes  
 Of honouring our mute retainers,

Who tug (the horse) laborious loads  
 Or (apes) the whiskers of their trainers.  
 Who has not—though the face is plain  
 And lack of speech imposes trammels—  
 Suspected hints of human brain  
 In most domesticated mammals?

And yet how better far for both  
 The brutes themselves and these Luculli  
 Whose wits are waning, while their sloth  
 Induces torpor and a dull eye,  
 If these their kingly state should cut  
 And (guests at their dependants' tables)  
 Hob-nob above the homely nut  
 Or share a carrot in the stables!

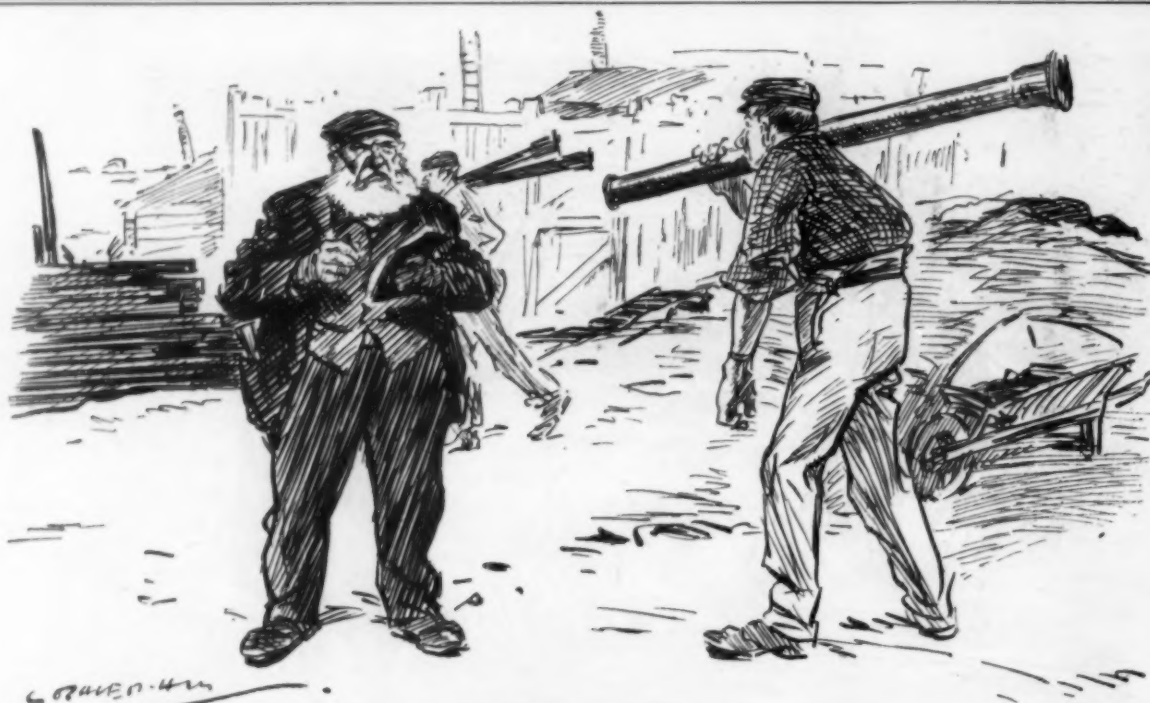
### Another Author Boycotted.

WE are not surprised to see that in its last Literary Supplement *The Times* Book Club has black-listed St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. It is notorious that for some years past the author has been receiving no royalties, and that in consequence the publisher has been making even more than the usual 800 % profit.

### Our Effete Aristocracy.

"The Duchess of NORFOLK was quietly dressed in dark cloth; ELLEN Lady INCHQUIN was with a daughter; and Lord MAR AND KELLIE, Lord COLEBROOKE, and Lord WANDSWORTH were all bent in the same direction."—*Daily Mail*.

WHERE is the straight back, the upright carriage, for which Englishmen are so noted in fiction?



## POINTS OF VIEW.

Foreman. "DONAL' CARRIES TWA O' THAE PIPES."

Dugald. "AY, I HAE OBSAIVED HIM A' THE FORENOON. BUT YE MAUN JUST REMONSTRATE WI' DONAL' YOURSEL'."

## OUR LADY OF MIRTH.

Who was it said they had begun to bore us,  
 These plays without a vestige of a plot,  
 Medley of comic gags and kicks and chorus?  
 The fellow lied, they certainly had not,  
 Still, deathless maiden of the many titles,  
 Offspring of Chaos and Terpsichore,  
 You hold the Pit's impressionable vitals,  
 You suit the Upper Circles to a T.

The changing years may modify your numbers,  
 The East be rearranged to suit your scenes,  
 But no profound sophistication cumbers  
 That artless innocence of bygone teens;  
 You live! the subtle genii who stage you  
 With magic carpet or embroidered robe,  
 Still hire the good old galaxies to play Ju-  
 Jitsu around the habitable globe.

We like the well-known song on current topics,  
 We like those vagrant "visitors" who choose,  
 Whether in London tea-shops or the tropics,  
 To wear a low-necked dress and high-heeled shoes;  
 We like the joke a trifle over-pointed,  
 But satisfied by immemorial age,  
 Those ladies, too, the lithe and double-jointed,  
 Whose toothful grins are still the public rage.

He was a fool indeed who banned repletion,  
 And found a feast no better than enough:  
 Such meagre sentiment might suit the Grecian,  
 But Northern minds are made of sterner stuff.  
 Go on, entrancing girl, the latest comer  
 Is welcome as the first-born of the batch;  
 Seasons may die, but your eternal summer  
 (Quotation from the Bard) will always catch!

One sees you in a sphere with sorrow laden,  
 Faced with the prospect of its final twirl,  
 Still on the boards as the *Millennium Maiden*,  
 Or possibly *The Cadi and the Curl*;  
 Framed in a house that palpitates with laughter,  
 And grasps with pride the wonted points of wit,  
 5000 A.D. or after,  
 And looking (for your age) extremely fit.

## FROM "THE TIMES" OF 1907.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 1907.

## TO-DAY'S SUGGESTIONS

FOR MEMBERS OF "THE TIMES" BOOK CLUB,  
 376-384, Oxford Street.

**The Bondman Play.**

By HALL CAINE. (Oct. 1906.)

The author's successful play is here presented in a complete and most attractive form, with good clear letterpress and eighteen portraits of the players now performing it.

Copies of this book, published at 2s. 6d. net, may be secured by docile subscribers in Class G at 2d.

**Walks Round my Parish.**

By SEPTIMUS LEMUEL. (Jan. 1907.)

A pleasant gossiping book, written in the form of a narrative, but conveying much information.

**A Guide to the Railways of England.**

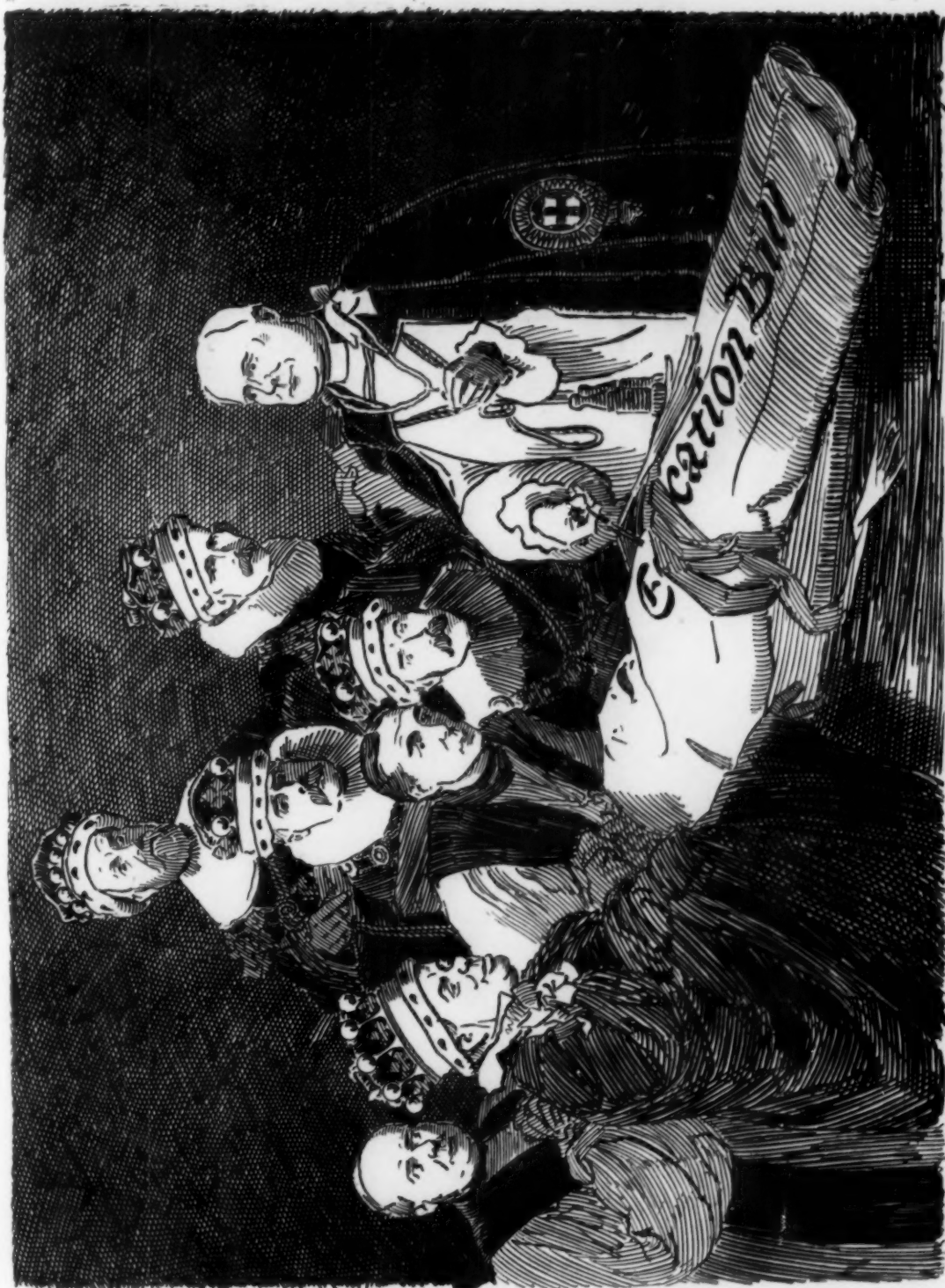
By GEORGE BRADSHAW. (Oct. 1907.)

A new edition, brought up to date. With index and map.  
**Encyclopædia Britannica—Ninth Edition.**

By HUGH CHISHOLM. (Circa 1870.)

A discursive book dealing with the probable fate of LIVINGSTONE and kindred matters.

Copies of this book, published at £169 net, will be given away to admirals in Class Z.



### CUTTING IT UP.

(After Rembrandt's picture "The School of Anatomy.")



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



KOEPEK AT WESTMINSTER (No. 2).

With the exploits of the Cobbler-Captain still fresh in mind, Our Artist can hardly sleep o' nights for thinking of what might happen if some talented rascals contrived to masquerade as our Ministers—even for a moment. A certain vague facial resemblance to our respected rulers might enable them to play havoc with South Africa, reduce the Navy, veto the use of the rifle in schools, grant Home Rule (or something uncommonly like it), and trundle disastrously to the proletariat. The House of Commons Police cannot scrutinise ostensible Cabinet Ministers too closely if this danger is to be avoided.

*House of Lords. Monday, October 29.*  
—Having agreeably wasted last week, noble Lords to-day settle down in Committee for inevitable fight over Education Bill. House crowded in every part. Even Opposition benches presented unwonted appearance of fulness. This largely due to the ministrations of the Church. Like the Irish Members in another place, the Bishops, whate'er betide, remain in their own camp below

Gangway. Ministries may come and Ministries may go. They sit on for ever, occupying one-third of space appropriated to Ministerialists. Wearing the white surplice of a blameless life, they, whilst doing something to redress the balance between Conservatives and Liberals, add occasionally needed touch of sanctity to mundane affairs.

Whilst floor of House was thronged,

some two-score devoted ladies sat in galleries flanking the chamber. With the patience that is one of their many endowments, they seemed to listen, what time husbands and brothers wrangled below as to whether Clause 1 should be postponed; whether it should come into operation at later date than Bill proposed; or whether it should be entirely transformed. What noble Lords fought each other for, wives and sisters



"WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE?"

(Lord Lansdowne.)

in the Gallery could not make out. A solitary gentleman in the Diplomatic Gallery, after struggling for some time with the problem, undisguisedly went to sleep. Had mastered it so far as to convince himself that peace of Europe was not at stake. Whether the Bill should come into operation in 1908 or 1909 really need not disturb a foreign visitor's sleep. Nor did it.

For the Peers it was a different thing. The Lords were diligently whipped up for a field night. Vital interests at stake. Great heart of the nation palpitating. All the newspapers writing about what the Lords would do. Proper thing to go down and watch the fight. But ah! the dreariness of it!

At one time promise of little diversion. Lord EMLY began it. Moved amendment to Clause 1. Speech delivered in level voice, with monotonous manner. Took in the universe as pasture land whereon to browse. At various stages of its interesting but irrelevant history, it had much to do with France. JOHN MORLEY and LLOYD-GEORGE flitted through the scene "when bubbling cataracts of blood poured off the guillotines on to the streets."

That understood as reference to period of First Revolution. Methuselahs of iniquitous energy, they turned up again eighty years later, "when, as they murdered the hostages, the Archbishop of Paris and the clergy, the Communists shouted, 'Clericalism is the enemy.'" From this, with slight *détour* with intent

to smite the Nonconformist conscience, quotations from ROBESPIERRE and DANTON came in with striking appropriateness.

In the Commons this performance would have had but short run. Warning cries of "Question! Question!" would have been raised, and the SPEAKER or CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES would, on the Standing Order dealing with irrelevancy, order the Member to resume his seat. Noble Lords are more tolerant with their own order. A Peer's a Peer for a' that. To rebuke one publicly would be to suggest possibility of flaw in a sacred cult. Accordingly they sat with polite air of attention whilst the precious minutes sped.

At approach to end of first half hour it grew too much even for the patience of the Peerage. One Peer coughed. Two or three moved restlessly in their seats. A low buzz of conversation went round. Anxious glances were bent on the mass of manuscript in the hand of the orator. He seemed good at least for an hour.

"In France," Lord EMLY incidentally remarked, "the State edited the Catechism—the State which denied the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul."

That was too much. AMPHILL made desperate appeal to CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. "How long, how long?" he cried, throwing up his arms with despairing gesture, reminiscent of WILSON BARRETT. More to the point was threat to move that EMLY be no longer heard. Pained astonishment was written deep on EMLY's spacious brow. What did noble Lords want? That he should confine his speech to his amendment? Very well. Magnanimous minds, though wounded, cherish no resentment. He would proceed to allude to his amendment.

A moan of anguish rose from the parched lips of the stricken host. AMPHILL showed sign of rising again. "I move my amendment," Lord EMLY hurriedly said, and sat down, leaving unread not the least interesting portion of his manuscript, which dealt with the history of the Church as affected by the ingrained lack of ceremony in the manner of OLIVER CROMWELL, and the lack of sympathy with ecclesiastical institutions displayed by his instruments and associates.

*Business done.*—First round on Education Bill. Government defeated by majority of 200.

*Tuesday night.*—In both Houses almost simultaneously hum-drum course of business broken up by sudden eruption. In the Lords the Primate, who is having a thoroughly good time, moved amendment to Clause 2 of Education Bill. Ministers declined to accept it. The statesman long known in Commons as St. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS (now

coroneted but retaining the Saintship as Viscount ST. ALDWYN) submitted variation on CANTUAR's amendment. This commended itself to both sides. That of itself suspicious circumstance. Better think the matter over.

CREWE suggested dealing with it on Clause 3. Lord HARRIS, thinking the time had come to put himself on, bowled what umpire (ON SLOW) declared no-ball. Moved that the House adjourn. Had this been carried—and the Opposition in the Lords can carry anything—the Bill would have been destroyed. At CHAIRMAN's suggestion HARRIS moved "that the House resume." On division this was negatived. Noble Lords who had arranged to sit till midnight found themselves on their way home by eight o'clock.

In the Commons Plural Voting Bill stuck fast in Committee. LULU appealed to Opposition to let it move along. This the fifth day they had been discussing the first clause. Let them forthwith proceed to division.

"Never witnessed such effrontery!" cried CARSON, upon whom the bland, almost child-like, presence of LULU at the Table acts as a red flag flaunted in face of bull.

The Opposition deaf to entreaty, C.B. swooped down with the Closure. Carried amid duet, Opposition chanting "Gag! Gag!" the Ministerialists chiming in with "Sneak! Sneak!" A delicate reminder of CARSON's indiscretion of last week when he so named LULU.

Thus it came to pass that whilst in the Lords the Opposition carried every-



SHUTTING UP "LITTLE EMLY."  
(Lord Ampthill.)

thing before them with majorities approaching eight score, in the Commons the balance was struck by majority exceeding thirteen score.

*Business done.*—Lords reached deadlock on the Education Bill; Commons closure debate on Plural Voting Bill.

*House of Commons. Thursday night.*

— On a day in last Session SWIFT MACNEILL, having received from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL answer to question on the paper, rose, and shaking clenched fist at the happily distant Minister, shouted, "I will now put to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL another question which distinctly arises, Mr. SPEAKER, out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given."

Captain CRAIG, jealous for the fame of Ulster, resolved that South Donegal shall not in the matter of bulls lord it over East Down. Accordingly to-night announced intention to move "an amendment consequential upon certain other amendments I will propose later on."

The CAPTAIN still wonders why Committee should have lapsed into convulsion of laughter.

*Business done.*—Trades Disputes Bill passed Report stage.

*Friday.*—No end to trouble of Sr. AUGUSTINE, President of Board of Education. Discovery accidentally made that he has sanctioned the serving out of arms and ammunition to boys in public elementary schools. Labour Members, turning aside from consideration of Trades Disputes Bill, hotly resent innovation. JOHN REDMOND bitterly complains that whilst in hapless Ireland grown men are forbidden to use firearms, in England they are dealt out to babes and sucklings. HOWARD VINCENT, back from reviewing army of the United States, and giving a few practical hints to the PRESIDENT, whose military experience, though picturesque, lacks the scientific precision of the Westminster Rifles, warmly applauds. But, though audible, this scarcely sufficient to counterbalance demonstration of dislike and suspicion.

ST. AUGUSTINE's dream noble and patriotic. In his mind's eye he sees Battersea Park an armed camp, with London's children, instead of wandering aimlessly about interrupting the musing of great minds with inquiry as to "the right time," formed in battalions, marching, counter-marching, under personal command of Boss, V.C., daily growing perfect in the use of the rifle.

And here is JOHN WARD, removing his overgrown felt hat that would serve admirably as a target, rising to ask whether the parents of the children had been consulted on this menacing introduction of the principle of conscription?

ST. AUGUSTINE broken down with disappointment at reception of his scheme.



### THE OPENING DAY OF THE SEASON, NOV. 5

*Sportman (dreamily).* "STARS—ROCKETS—CATHERINE-WHEELS! OH, OF COURSE, IT'S THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!"

"This is just the sort of thing, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "that discourages a man in the public service. As Minister of Education it is my primary duty to teach the young idea how to shoot. I set about its performance, and see what follows."

*Business done.*—Many Public Elementary Schools deprived of their shooting licence.

#### A Shady Business.

"COUNCILLOR LILE said he was sorry there had been imported into the matter statements which were untrue. It was umbrageous to call this a Holborn Scandal, as it was nothing of the kind."—*Holborn Guardian.*

#### Fame!

It had been a dull week for SHAKESPEARE, MR. BERNARD SHAW having written two letters to *The Times* without one kindly reference to his fellow-dramatist. But things were going on in other parts of London none the less, and at the issuing counter of a public library in Mile End a boy was heard to apply for a book as follows:—

"I want a novel called *A Winter's Tale*; it's a book what's been dramatised like BARRETT's *Sign of the Cross*."

#### Commercial Enterprise.

"THE UP-TO-DATE BOTTLE-CARRIER.  
SAVING OF 100% IN PRICE.  
SAVING OF 200% IN REPAIRS."

## PLAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

## I.

## ARTEMIS OF THE STRAND.

THE Greek play at the Adelphi may be dead before these lines appear in print; but the fear of that calamity—which I should honestly deplore—shall not deter me from easing my mind upon so attractive a theme. As an academic exercise *The Virgin Goddess* is something more than creditable to its author Mr. RUDOLF BESIER; as a stage-production it confirms Mr. OTHO STUART's reputation for sportsmanship. But the difficulty with these archaistic essays is that they are apt to prove too antique for 95 per cent. of the audience and too modern for the remainder. Mr. BESIER, leaning to compromise, has sought to appease M. WALKLEY by a remarkably close adherence to the unities beloved of ARISTOTLE, and by illustrating the hallowed workings of Greek Destiny; and at the same time he has appealed to the modern mind by embroidering his scheme with subtleties, and deranging the statuesqueness of his figures with occasional bursts of fury and clamour.

*Hæphestion* (an impossible Greek name, pronounced with a short *e* in the second syllable; it should, of course, have been *Hephæstion*) murders his



King Crespheutes . . . Mr. Alfred Brydone.

brother, the king of Artis, ostensibly on the ground of cowardice; but to this motive is added another—that of passion for the king's wife; and it is this second, and probably primary, motive which causes Artemis, in whose worship he had taken the vows of chastity, to demand the sacrifice of a life. Yet, strict as the moral principles of this goddess were known to be, I doubt if mere illicit desire, as distinct from an actual breach of her law, would have incited her to vengeance. It is true that the punish-

ment of Actæon, converted into a stag and torn in shreds by his misguided pack simply because he caught a glimpse of her in her bath, might be urged against this view. But that was a case of personal pique. In the present instance I grant that the love motive is cleverly introduced, since it softens our hearts to the murderer and adds a strong force of pathos to his eventual sacrifice of the woman whom he loves; but the subtlety of this complication is perhaps rather modern.

Again, the blindness of the king's mother (played by Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD on the best lines of classical tradition) has too modern a note of appeal. Certainly, as in the case of the blind seer *Teiresias*, her sightlessness adds poignancy to her power of prophetic vision; yet this foreknowledge of doom is here somewhat of a superfluity, since the denunciations of the *Priestess* (admirably delivered by Miss MADGE MCINTOSH) supply all that is needed in that department.

There were two deeds of blood in the play; and each was apparently performed in the interior of the Temple of Artemis. I confess that it struck me as an impropriety that the Holy of Holies should be thus utilised as a shambles. It was quite right and Greek, of course, for these unsightly things to be done "off"; but Mr. OSCAR ASCHE (who looked like a Farnese Heracles in training) was quite large enough to have killed his brother somewhere else, when he was not at his prayers and unarmed; and, from what I know of Artemis, I am sure that she would have preferred that the execution of *Althea* should take place in an adjacent grove. The interiors of Greek Temples were not meant for blood-sacrifices.

The callousness of the chorus of acolytes, male and female, was appalling. After personally witnessing the murder of their king, they casually strolled out of the Temple with their property lyres and pipes, and at once threw off an *In Memoriam Ode*, set to what sounded just like Christian Church music. The next time that Mr. ASCHE entered the sacred shrine on butchery bent they had the decency to pop out into the fresh air without assisting at the horrid spectacle; and put in another Ode of a more broadly reflective character, suitable for keeping in stock for a variety of occasions.

On the whole Mr. BESIER's verse was adequately Greek in spirit; and, if not distinguished by actual genius, maintained a workmanlike level. The habit, common with the best in this kind, of putting highly-wrought imagery into unlikely mouths, is not a very noticeable vice in his work. Once I caught him mangling a Christian phrase where someone proposes to keep the State

"unspotted in the world"; and once I was shocked to hear *Althea* address her lover as "Heart of my heart!" a tag that might have come clean out of a drawing-room phantasy by Mr. WEATHERLY or Mr. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Miss LILY BRAYTON, whose physique does not seem to allow her to be forceful without visible strain, was best in the moving passage in which she surrenders herself to voluntary death. She



ANY ORDERS FOR THE BUTCHER?

*Hæphestion* (Master of Artis) . . . Mr. Oscar Asche.

knows how to keep still, and her poses, set off by a lovely *himation*, were admirably plastic. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, on the other hand, was never so happy as when he found himself in a scrimmage with six men on the top of him. Watching the feats of this splendid Rugby forward it was difficult for us to believe that, after having declared himself

"Indomitable as a man foredoomed"

(this is from BROWNING's *Artemis*, not Mr. BESIER's), he would have tamely submitted to the threats of a female referee. I should have thought more of him if he had persuaded the author to let him go through with his original scheme.

Mr. CHARLES ROCK is a sound craftsman, but nature never meant him for a Captain of Greek infantry. His men had a bad habit of shouting Ay! on the slightest provocation, as if they had been British Tars or M.P.'s. I liked their bare legs better than the fleshings of the acolytes. As for the *chitons* of the chorus of maidens, no attempt seems to have been made to let them fall in simple Greek lines. They were hopelessly bunched about the breast and waist.

Mr. JOSEPH HARKER, whose one beautiful scene served for the whole play, should make a closer study of the architecture of Greek Temples, and so avoid repetition of his present hybrid design.

with its Doric triglyphs and Ionic volutes. Mr. CHRISTOPHER WILSON, before he next attempts to write incidental music for a Greek play, had better run up to Cambridge and hear Sir CHARLES STANFORD's setting of the *Eumenides*; and meanwhile might cut out that noisy *pizzicato* plunking of his fiddles, which is so intolerable a distraction. I said "Hush" during one of these excesses; but the conductor took no notice.

II.

ENTERTAINING DEVILS UNAWARE.

Perhaps our tastes have been vitiated by an over-lavish use of epigram on the stage; anyhow in *The Charity that Began at Home* I thought that the fine gold of Mr. HANKIN's wit had been beaten out a little too thin. The first scene was an almost exact reproduction of life; and the humours of a British interior do not often lend themselves to photography. I have, I hope, a right contempt for the conventional drivel that is written about the need of action in drama, dialogue being, of course, the most common of all forms of action; but I am certain that even social drama should answer certain demands which are not satisfied by written dialogue, or why put it upon a stage at all? And I felt that apart from the admirable acting of Miss HAYDON and Mr. EADIE, both of whom materially contributed to a realisation of the author's design, there was very little in the play which might not have equally edified me on the written page. Indeed there were one or two noticeable defects which might well have escaped my unimaginative mind had I merely read the dialogue in print; but being visibly presented on the stage were a sore affront to my sense of decency. One was in the scene where, amid a tittering of the bolder spirits in the audience, the condition of the maid-servant who has lost her virtue is freely discussed in her actual presence, the miserable girl being all the while shaken with sobs. The theme in itself may not be unfit for treatment on the stage, and one can understand how such matters might, for the purposes of an author's scheme, be regarded as a subject for levity; but this levity cannot be tolerated in the presence of the victim who is so pitifully incapable of sharing it. This graft of humour on a stock of Stage Society realism was incongruous

to the point of absolute repulsion. As for the general motive of the play, charity is perhaps not so wide-spread a virtue that we should need anyone to point out to us the dangers of an indiscriminate exercise of it. However, nobody supposes that Mr. HANKIN is in earnest, and so that doesn't matter much. What does matter is that his cynicism appears to disregard the laws of average and probability. By arbitrarily choosing all his examples (varied enough in themselves) from the same type—the type, that is, on whom charity is likely to be wasted—he runs the risk of seeming



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT THIS  
YER SOAP TRUST FOR—AND WINTER COMIN' ON TOO!"  
"YES, AND US BRUNETTES!"

to beg the question. After all, the charitable people who practise indiscriminate hospitality cannot always be entertaining devils unaware. There must be a stray angel or so even among the forlorn and unpopular.

But, when all is said, Mr. HANKIN's talent remains undoubted; and his ultimate success as a playwright can only be a question of time and experience.

O. S.

Motto for the Ninth.

"As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting, and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it."—Robert Burton.

WOMAN'S WAY.

The following advertisement appeared in Thursday's *Morning Post*:

"MUNICIPAL REFORM.—I will meet you to-night, darling, at eight o'clock, but you must first vote for the Municipal Reform Candidates.  
PRUDENCE."

So far as the man in the street was concerned the matter ended here; but, knowing the sex as he does, Mr. *Punch* was not at all surprised when the following further advertisements arrived (by mistake) at his office.

2. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Thank you, dear, I knew you would. But before I meet you I must be sure that your hands are clean so far as the Soap Trust is concerned.  
PRUDENCE.

3. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Yes, darling, I did say eight o'clock, and I am so glad you have given up Sunlight. But first I must have your promise that you will boycott all those horrid publishers.  
PRUDENCE.

4. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—How sweet of you to promise only to read *The Times' History of the War*, and LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott* in future. That's my darling boy. But you do think women ought to have votes, don't you?  
PRUDENCE.

5. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Yes, dear, eight o'clock in Bouverie Street, but oh, before we meet just tell me that you like *The Daily Mail Literary Supplement*, that you will ask that Honourable you know to vote against the Education Bill, that you think Germany can smash our Fleet, that you believe in the divine right of the Football Association, that ... I'm over the six shillings.  
Good-bye.  
PRUDENCE.

6. MUNICIPAL REFORM.—Don't understand. Leaving for the country this afternoon. Don't forget I have your promises.  
PRUDENCE.

LORD ROBERTS may be right in having no faith in Mr. HALDANE's Army Scheme, but we think that the expression "Mr. HALDANE's Skeleton," which his Lordship used the other day, is one that will be challenged by anyone who has seen the War Minister in the flesh.

"Miss PANKHURST said Mrs. MARTIN was still in the infirmary, but was determined to complete her sentence."—*Daily Paper*.

A WOMAN'S last word—as usual.

### OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"A LIFE which, if I may so express myself, began early and has lasted for several years, an observant habit and a retentive memory, have enabled me to set forth as things seen and heard by me a good many incidents." Thus Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL presents his credentials on opening a gallery of *Social Silhouettes* (SMITH, ELDER). They range over a wide area, from the schoolboy to the schoolmaster (two of the best), from the curate to the bishop, from the Labour member to the Whig, from the diner-out and the carpet-bagger to the invalid. "Let us part good friends," Mr. RUSSELL pleads in the final chapter. There is scarcely need for the entreaty. He is not the man to sacrifice a smart saying because if uttered it might give pain; but on the whole the volume is singularly free from acerbity. Among many interesting stories he mentions one new to me. Thirty-three years ago, Sir GEORGE GREY sat for Morpeth, a Whig stronghold unchallenged since the passage of the Reform Bill. In the fulness of his heart, the statesman, grown old and contemplating retirement, designated G. W. E. R., then a boy at Harrow, as his successor. This considerate, and to the youth, pleasing proposal was shattered by the electors, who, on the eve of the General Election of 1874, intimated to the amazed veteran that they had had enough of him and meant to return THOMAS BURT. They were as good as their word, and the ex-coalminer sits for the borough to this day. Mr. RUSSELL pays a just and generous tribute to the unique position the right hon. Member for Morpeth has won in the estimation of all sections of parties coming in contact with him through successive Parliaments.

If IRVING BACHELLER had left  
His *Silas Strong* a simple story,  
I should have deemed him passing deft  
Within his special category,  
But no—he sticks a "Foreword" in  
To tell me how he came to write it,  
And of the cause he'd like to win  
If only I would help him fight it.

The cause is that of virgin woods  
(American) which saws are felling,  
To be transported, labelled "goods"—  
*Horresco referens*—for selling!  
And that annoys me, in a way,  
For, though my brain is of the lightest,  
I know that writing books won't stay  
Those saws advancing in the slightest.

Besides, I'm just a homely chap  
Who likes an honest bit of reading,  
And hate to find I've turned a tap  
Of gilded pills of special pleading.  
Still, men there may be—who can tell?—  
Who'll gladly read, and, when they've done, win  
Our IRVING's fervent thanks, as well  
As those of Mr. FISHER UNWIN.

While others less modest persuaded themselves, perhaps too easily, that they were "making history" in the House of Commons and on the platform, Sir BENJAMIN STONE, M.P. (one of the faithful seven of Birmingham) has been patiently pegging away with a camera, making history enough for all of them put together. His record of men and things as they exist at Westminster, of which we get a fascinating glimpse in *Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures* (CASSELL & Co.), will be a priceless storehouse to our successors. It may well come to be called "Historic Peeps; or, Extinct Objects of the 'Stone Age.'" He has led off, willing captives, to his own particular gate and archway on the Terrace where his camera lurks, statesmen and politicians of every class and party, officials, distinguished visitors from all over the world.

Everyone and everything connected with Parliament has faced that trusty weather-beaten little lens: from Mr. BALFOUR to the Mace, from Lord ALTHORP to the House of Commons' bootblack, from Mr. EDMUND GOSSE to the clock-face of Big Ben, from the Unionist Whips in solemn conclave to the Pygmies of the African primeval Forest, from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN right down to the Parliamentary caricaturists.

Sir BENJAMIN does not "retouch" his subjects,—an enormous gain in likeness and in interest. There they stand with the Thames breezes ruffling their hair, their clothes the despair of the *Tailor and Cutter* but the joy of the student of character. Sir BENJAMIN has also snatched from oblivion many old-time ceremonials and moribund survivals of ancient festival.

No one writes better stories for children (and their elders who like children's stories) than E. NESBIT; and she has never written a better story than *The Railway Children* (WELLS GARDNER)—not even *The Treasure Seekers* or *The*

*Would-be-Goods*, those Bastable classics. The new story is of a family who dwelt near the Line and made friends with engine-drivers and passengers and extracted all the joy that a Line can offer. And that is all I shall tell you; the rest *est à vous*. One criticism only I will suggest, and that is that many mothers in real life who happen to be living near the Line may have nothing for E. NESBIT but disapproval—since no child can possibly read this book without wanting similar adventures.

In her latest novel Miss KATHARINE TYNAN is a little unkind to her heroine *Bawn Cardrew* (but *née Devereux*). The young lady is made to tell her own story, and the artlessness of the achievement is not sufficiently concealed by the author's art. In fact, *The Story of Bawn* (SMITH, ELDER) reminds me of the simple but feeling remark of the Scotch schoolboy, "Please, teacher, there's too much sugar in the semolina pudding." That is the trouble with Miss TYNAN's book. It is pleasant to the taste, and pure and wholesome, but it is a trifle too sweet. Still, though *Bawn* says it herself, or rather repeats, as un-self-consciously as may be, what she hears or overhears others say about her, she is as charming as she is beautiful, and her story has just the touch of distressfulness proper to a tale of John Bull's other Island. So that when she is saved at the eleventh hour from sacrificing herself for the sake of her family in a loveless marriage, and finds herself in the arms of *Anthony Cardrew*, one can only regret that one has lost the sweet tooth of childhood's days.



BILKINSON DOESN'T REALLY KNOW HOW HE WOULD HAVE GOT ON WHEN HIS MOTOR HORN WENT WRONG SIX MILES FROM EVERYWHERE, IF HE HADN'T SUCCEEDED IN BUYING THE COUNTRYMAN'S DUCKS.